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Section

# Dr. Dana's Hymns.



## Occasional and Textual Hymns

BY THE

Rev. JOSEPH DANA, D. D.,

IPSWICH, MASS.

Pastor of the South Church and Society

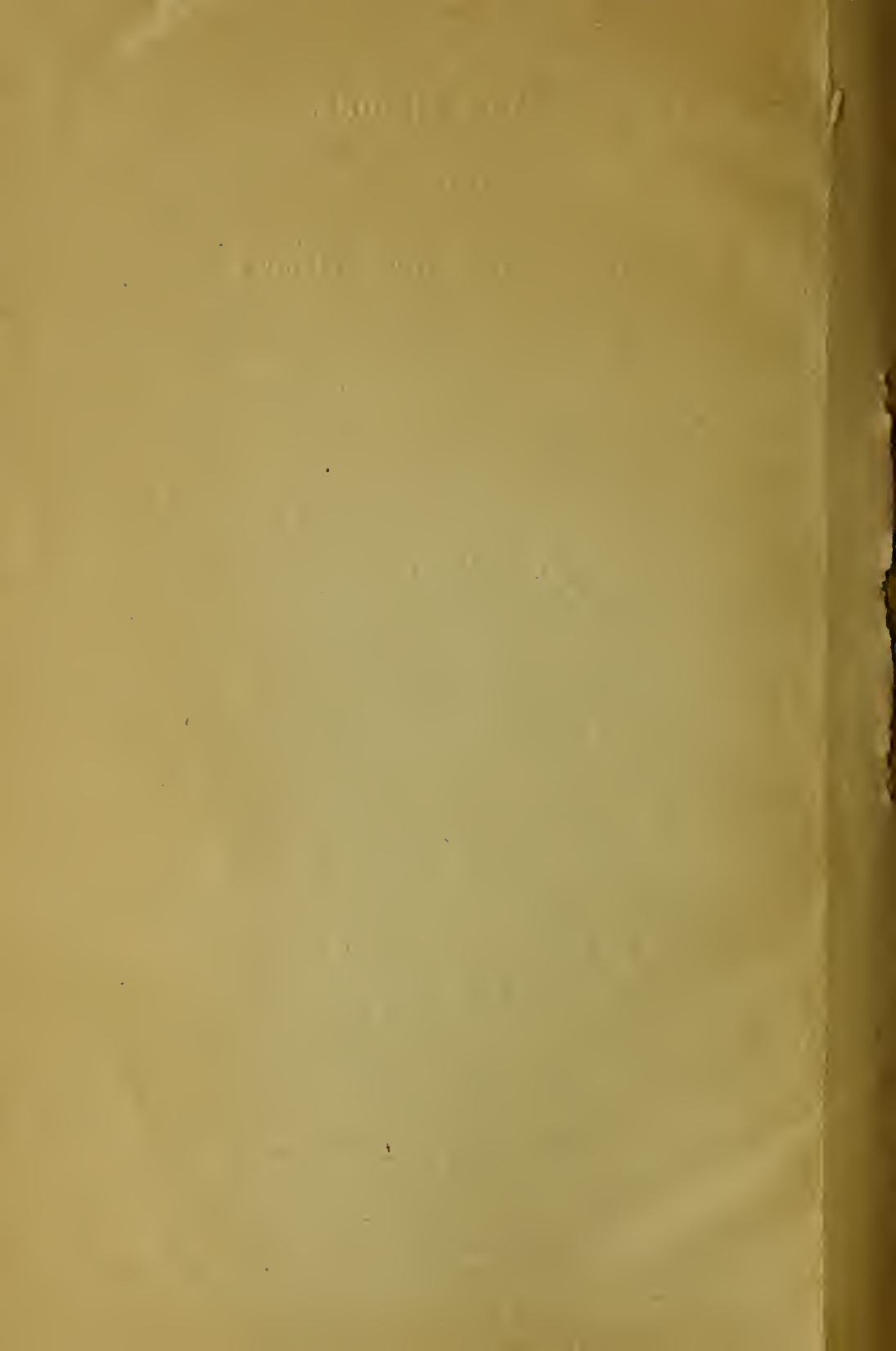
1765--1827.

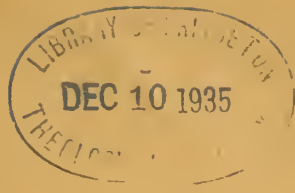


August, 1905:

Fifty copies.

Augustine Caldwell, Printer.





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Psalm xlii, 8. The Lord will command His loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me.

Isaiah xxx, 29. Ye shall have a song as in the night, when a holy solemnity is kept.

Ephesians v, 19. Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.

Colossians iii, 16. Admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.

The Table Monument in the South Burying Ground.

Epitaph written by Nath'l Lord, Esq.

In Memory of the

Rev. JOSEPH DANA, D. D.,

for sixty-two years

Minister of the South Church.

His protracted life was eminently  
devoted to the cause of God and man.

As a Preacher

he was evangelical, instructive and faithful.

As a Pastor

affectionate and devoted.

In all the relations of life

a pattern of Christian Virtue.

He was born in Pomfret, Conn.,

Nov. 2, (o. s.) 1742.

Graduated at Yale College, 1760.

Ordained at Ipswich, Nov. 7, 1765.

Received as Colleague the

Rev. Daniel Fitz, June 28, 1826.

Slept in Jesus, Nov. 16, 1827,

aged 85 years.

His people erect this monument of  
his piety and worth, and of their  
unfailing attachment and veneration.

O still each rising sigh that would repine,  
Or charge the Sovereign hand with wrong;  
Nor let us thankless to Thy call resign  
The precious blessing lent so long.

Copied from the tablet, for these pages, by Lydia A. Caldwell, Aug. 1, 1905.





# Introductory.

The Story of the Hymns.

Ipswich, August 1, 1905.

THE printer of these few pages of *Occasional* and *Textual Hymns*, (composed by the Rev. Joseph Dana, D. D., of Ipswich,) was the errand boy of Miss Anna Dana, in 1848-49-50. Miss Dana sometimes talked with the lad, and referred to her father in most interesting and kindly ways; and in the summer of 1850, she loaned him a manuscript book, in which were recorded the Textual Hymns—gracious relics of the long departed parent

Her father, (she related,) had many wakeful nights; and he could look forth from his pillow, through the window, to the starry sky; and in these hallowed wakeful hours, he composed the Hymns, suggested by the inspired fragment of the Bible that came freshly to his heart and thoughts, as he heavenward gazed.

At the breakfast table the next morning, he would say, "Now, Anna, get the quill," and the devoted daughter would leave the table for book and pen, and record the fresh stanzas, as the aged one recalled and recited his midnight musings.

These written pages, treasured by her till her own old age, she allowed her chore boy to take to his home; and he copied them all, to his venerated friends great interest and pleasure.

Fifty-five years have rolled along; the little manuscript book comes again to the surface. The glimpse of it revives the memories of hallowed morning hours when duties called to the old-time Parsonage of Dr. Dana; and the Hymns freshen as the eyes scan them,—breaths of far-away days. And as the name of Dr. Dana is still revered, these little Scriptural songs are put into type, and will

perhaps in this way be continued till later generations are walking the pathways.

The Occasional Hymns, pages 5-20, have been printed in connection with the published sermons of years ago.

The Rev. Daniel Fitz Ordination Hymn, is not complete as printed on page 16. [Perhaps some one will supply the printer with a finished copy.]

The Textual Hymns, pages 21-41, were never in type, until the present pages gave them the opportunity. Some of them were circulated in manuscript, (the Golden Rule, was one,) and the children of earlier days were taught them.

It would be interesting to the printer to receive from any one, the names of all who participated in the Burial services referred to on page 43.

These folios, as printed, are not open to criticism. Fifty copies only are issued,—not for public circulation, but as fragrant blossoms to scatter upon the sleeping dust of some of the revered ones of the long ago.

Miss Anna Dana, the father's devoted amanuensis, referred to above, united with her father's church, July 11, 1802, at the age of 18 years. Her grave is near the table monument over his dust :

Anna,  
Daughter of  
Rev. Joseph Dana, D. D.  
Born Nov. 2, 1784,  
Died Feb. 13, 1866.

The generous benefactor, the  
devoted daughter, sister, friend,  
the ardent christian.

Rest here, beloved, till  
the day break and the  
shadows flee away.

# Occasional and Memorial.

BY THE REV JOSEPH DANA, D. D., Ipswich, Mass.



## ODE.

Written. for the Anniversary (1803) of the  
M. Humane Society.

Great Source of Life, whose breath at first,  
Gave motion to our senseless dust,  
And shall from death restore,  
By Thee all living creatures move;  
Each pulse that beats declares Thy love,—  
Without Thee beats no more.

O what is man that he should be  
Admitted to abide with Thee,  
(When all the house is Thine!)  
Employed to save in deep distress,  
Or from the embrace of Death release,  
When such thy great design.

Thanks for the pleasing knowledge given;  
What wonders by indulgent Heaven,  
Have human efforts crowned!  
What numbers entered with the dead,  
(Their breath retired—sensation fled,)  
Again their lives have found.

Thanks for the means to man disclosed,  
To wake his friend, in death reposed;  
O rapturous delight!  
To change the wife's, the mother's tear,  
From deepest woe to joy sincere,—  
Joy of unmeasured height.

O grant us pure affections, Lord,  
Which with the Saviour's love accord;  
Bless each *Humane* design;  
Prevent men with thy kind support,  
Or save them in the last resort,  
And may all lives be thine.

**Samuel Woodbury :**

Drowned near his Father's house, (Turkey Shore,)

March 19, 1802, aged 15 years.

How yearns the parents hearts with love !  
How dear an only son !  
And yet how frail these comforts prove ;—  
And, ah ! how soon are gone !

Sure the blest power who formed the mind  
Delights not in its pain ;  
But, Sorrow's needful,—and designed  
For man's eternal gain.

Come see the hopes of man destroyed,  
When, to the Gate of Death,  
An unsuspecting youth decoyed,  
And yielding up his breath.

In early morn he took his way  
Down to the river side,  
Lured by the charms of opening day,  
And streams that gently glide.

There on the floating ice embarked,  
The youth his pleasure sought ;  
No friend his dangerous progress marked,  
Or timely succor brought.

Let floods of tears relate the rest,  
And sighs that pierce the skies.  
“ Samuel ! ” the mother smites her breast,—  
Gone ! gone !! the father cries !

The neighbors flock with feeling hearts,—  
Blest be the heavenly power  
For all that sympathy imparts  
To soothe a doleful hour !

All day they search the waters o'er,  
Yet none can find the place  
Where sleeps the youth to wake no more,  
Wrapped in their cold embrace.

Ah ! how reduced is human hope,—  
One favor now implore :—

“Let the cold clay be wafted up,  
And find a grave on shore!”

But how mysterious that power,  
Which thus assuages grief,  
That naught on earth could comfort more  
Than now this strange relief.

It comes, more precious by delay;—  
Parents, with grateful hands,  
Shroud and inter the lifeless clay,  
As tender love commands.

And thou, O Sovereign of the mind,  
Now set these hearts at rest,  
In pure subjection, all resigned,  
And make their sorrow blest.

Let their weaned hearts to Thee ascend,  
To pay the homage due;  
And never more on reeds depend,  
Which break and pierce them through.

Be Thou henceforth their All in all;  
Their joy, their hope, their trust;  
And soon the wormwood and the gall  
Shall lose the bitter gust.

Come young Maria,\* learn to die,—  
Come love and seek your God;  
The vanities of life deny,  
And tread the heavenly road.

Thus you'll console your parents dear,  
Live happy while you stay;  
And your's is “Heaven's Eternal Year,”  
Whene'er you're called away.

\*Maria, a younger sister, who in later life became Mrs. Mahon.

**On the Death of the Rev. Asahel Huntington. 1813.**

Thou, from whose throne the fainting soul  
Derives its best relief,  
O see what waves and billows roll,  
To whelm our hearts with grief.

Lover and Friend, hast Thou removed,—  
Son, Father, Brother dear;  
The Shepherd, faithful and beloved,—  
O bring Thy comforts near!

Reveal Thyself, Thy love most free,  
And heal each wounded heart;  
For who on earth or heaven but Thee,  
That healing can impart.

The widow's husband, orphan's friend,  
Thou art and will remain;—  
Great Shepherd, Thou hast never said,  
Seek ye my face in vain.

O then, to every mourner give  
A supplicating heart;  
And let the gloom which shades us now,  
By Thy blest beams depart.

The precious truths Thy servant brought,  
O teach us to recall;  
And to those virtues so approved,  
Assimilate us all.

Let Zion soon with wonder see  
This mournful breach repaired;  
And Thy rich grace and love shall be  
In grateful songs declared.

**Peace, 1815.**

Sung at the South Church.

Lord of the world, whose awful nod  
Bids nations know that Thou art God,  
In silence sink their hostile words,  
And into ploughshares beat their swords.

What shall we render when Thy love  
Bids all the earth that blessing prove ;  
Changes at once *our* mournful state,  
And through thick glooms could Peace create.

Peace ! what a charm the sound conveys ;  
And when the past distressing days  
Our thoughts review, Oh, in what strains  
We wish to sing : " How Mercy reigns ! "

To Thee be every life resigned,  
And if the rod has left behind  
Hearts yet unsoftened, unsubdued,—  
By Mercy be those hearts renewed.

Teach us Thy wondrous favor's use ;  
Guard high and low from all abuse ;  
Send prosperous days ; grant virtue's aid,  
And heal the wounds that WAR has made.

Heal Thou ! for thou alone hast Power ;  
No more let horrid WAR devour.  
Give all the Kingdoms to Thy Son,  
And through the world exalt His throne.

---

**The General Thanksgiving,**

Ipswich, April 13, 1815.

Still sing the Saviour's Love,  
Who pitied human woes,  
And sent the Heavenly Dove,  
Our warfare to compose ;  
O for a song of highest praise ;  
O for a heart that song to raise.

How mournful is the hour,  
When God, the just and good,  
Withdraws His guardian power,  
And nations plunge in blood ;  
Who now shall stay their growing rage,  
Or who the wide-spread grief assuage ?

But, see ! His mercy comes ;  
Midnight is turned to day ;  
And woes our sins had brought  
His hand removes away.  
Now on our knees let thanks be given,  
And with repentance rise to heaven.

O may that healing hand,  
Remove our sins away ;  
Past evils over-rule,  
And bring a prosperous day.  
Teach all to enjoy,—all how to live,  
And wisdom to the nations give.

Henceforth may heavenly PEACE,  
In human hearts bear sway ;  
And princes never cease  
Its dictates to obey.  
Then shall the good, with hearts serene,  
Review the ills their eyes have seen.

Ye aged, who have lived  
To see these sorrows end ;  
Ye young, whose pleasing hopes  
To length of days extend ;—  
Praise God in broken notes and whole.  
Thou, too, must bless Him, O my soul !

---

### The Ordination (1815,)

*of Mr. S. and Mr. K. as Missionaries.*

Services at Ipswich.

Blest Shepherd, who a heaven couldst leave  
To seek Thy wandering sheep,  
And in this wilderness of thorns,  
Suffer, and bleed, and weep,—



O shed abroad a love like Thine  
In every shepherd's heart ;  
To these, Thy messengers of grace,  
A double share impart.

Then every burden shall be light ;  
No suffering seem severe ;  
Then shall the Comforter descend  
Their faithful breasts to cheer.

O take them to thy guardian care ;  
The Spirit be their Guide ;  
Their teachings and their lives inspire,  
Nor be success denied.

Soon may the western wilds be seen  
To blossom as the rose ;  
Valleys and hills, at Thy command,  
Abounding fruit disclose.

Soon may Salvation's sound be heard  
Through every land abroad,—  
And all the nations soon behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

---

1820.

**Landing of our Forefathers, Two Centuries ago.**

Our Fathers God, whose favoring hand  
First led them to this desert land,  
And gave them here a safe abode,  
When savage feet around them trode,—

Help us to pay the tribute due ;  
Help us to keep Thy love in view ;  
And often let our sons be shown  
The Rock whence we and they were hewn.

Thus may they with a deeper thought,  
Survey the wonders Thou hast wrought ;  
And melt to see this pleasant land,  
So filled with blessings from Thy hand.

Let the remembrance of the just,  
Imprint their pious hope and trust;  
And all their virtues keep in view;  
Teach all that's lovely, pure and true.

Their fair foundations for our good,  
Which undecayed so long have stood,  
May we never tear away,  
To build on sand or miry clay.

(Isaiah 51: 1. Daniel 2: 43.)

---

### Dedication (1825,) of the Marblehead Meeting-house.

Great God! whose heaven's unmeasured space  
Cannot contain, wilt thou descend  
And dwell in temples men may raise,  
And to their worship audience lend.

May our devotion like the flame  
On Israel's altar, ever burn;  
And may the High Priest's precious name,  
Our offerings into fragrance turn.

“ Here may He meet the hungry poor,  
And fill their souls with Living Bread.”  
Here to the blind their sight restore,  
Heal the diseased—and raise the dead.

The supplications hither brought,  
Hear Thou in heaven, and send in love  
Answers of peace, with blessings fraught,  
From Thy blest throne, all thrones above.

This house, O God, for worship built,  
Joyful we dedicate to Thee;  
O come and dwell; remove our guilt  
Or what a void these courts would be!



**Change it to Joy.**

Written for a Youth who had lost a limb. 1826.

God of my life, Thy wisdom knows  
What to appoint for me ;  
O teach me ever to repose  
Unbounded trust in Thee.

What though afflictions pierce my heart,  
Cannot Thy sovereign power  
Change it to joy, new life impart,  
And all my soul restore ?

Grant me but this, 'tis more by far  
Than all that I have lost ;  
'Tis more than life with all that's dear,—  
'Tis more than earth can boast.

Blest be the Lord that this may come,  
Whatever else is gone !  
Ask it, my soul, while yet there's room,—  
Ask it through Christ alone !

Then everlasting gain shall rise  
From loss, and pain, and woe ;  
Gain, which might ne'er have blest mine eyes,  
Or caused my thanks to flow.

---

**Ye Lovely Hills and Plains.**

Written for the Sixtieth Anniversary of his Ordination.

Ye lovely hills and plains,  
And thou soft flowing stream,  
Where God our lot ordains,  
Where Jesus is our theme ;  
Be lovely still, and witness here  
The parting sigh, the falling tear.

Grant us, O God of love,  
To meet, and part no more ;  
May Christ and things above—  
Till this frail life is o'er,—  
Employ our thoughts, our hearts refine,  
And train us to a life divine.

Blest be that wondrous grace,  
Which gives such hope to man;  
And bids the world embrace  
Salvation, while it can;  
O then relent; to God return;  
Own Christ, and into Life be born.

How precious is that Hope  
Which runs the heavenly road;  
And keeps its courage up,  
By living near to God!  
Grant this, O Lord, nor let me be  
Ashamed of all my hope in Thee.

But, O the blissful thought,  
(How great does that appear!)  
Salvation nearer brought  
By each revolving year!  
Grant this, dear Lord, this we implore;  
And may our souls be roused the more!

---

**In Memory of Rev. Edward Payson, D. D.**

October 27, 1827.

(Written just two weeks before the death of Dr. Dana.)

And hast thou, Sovereign Lord, called home so soon,  
A faithful Shepherd? Is that spirit gone  
Which glowed with love like Thine to all his flock?  
Sure they will weep beneath the afflicting stroke.

Nor they alone; a general grief declares  
A loss, with which no common loss compares;  
And let it flow; let such a loss command  
What's justly due to God's correcting hand.

But let not sorrow act the ungrateful part,  
And not confess in such a mind and heart,  
So long bestowed, unusual favor shown,  
And privilege given in him who now is gone.

At forty-four,—his years divinely stretched  
By usefulness, a "good old age" had reached.  
Let then these tears religiously be joined  
With tears of gratitude,—the Lord is kind.

Such prayers incessant,—labors night and day  
 So wonderfully blest,—all rise and say  
 “Bless ye the Lord!” And still, tho’ dead, he speaks,  
 His friendly voice the midnight silence breaks,—  
 “Remember, O my flock!”

That flock, and thousands more, will keep in mind  
 The words he spoke, faithful and truly kind!  
 Lord Jesus, let Thy all-sufficient grace,  
 Sustain the mourners, fill the vacant place.

Still from that place let vivid prayers ascend,  
 And the same power the Word of Life attend;  
 May *this* Elijah’s spirit surely rest  
 On every prophet,—and the Word be blest.

---

### On the Death of Washington.

Sung at the Commemorative Services, at the South Church, Feb. 22, 1800,—  
 Tune, Sophronia.

The hymn has additional interest, as five of the stanzas were sung at the burial of Dr. Dana, Nov. 19, 1827,—slightly changed to adapt them to the occasion.—The fourth stanza is inscribed on the table monument over his grave. The epitaph and Order of Exercises at the funeral. will be found upon another page.

Thou Hope of Israel! Source of every Joy!  
 Resource when every joy is fled!  
 See, Thy Columbia lifts her mourning eye,—  
 Her Father, Friend, and Guardian dead.

By Thee a nation lives; Thy love supplies  
 Deliverers in the helpless hour;  
 And when Thy mandate calls them to the skies,  
 Father, we tremble,—yet adore.

Thou knowest how dear Thy Washington we held,  
 What blessings through his hands were given;  
 O sooth our hearts with deepest sorrow filled,  
 And teach us to submit to Heaven.

Repress each rebel sigh that dares repine,  
 Or charge Thy spotless hand with wrong;  
 Nor let us thankless to Thy call resign  
 The precious blessing lent so long.

All praise to HIM who such a Saviour formed,  
In war and peace sublime and blest;  
Who with such virtues all his bosom warmed,  
And crowns them with immortal rest.

In grateful memory let them long be held,  
And to Thy praise be long exprest;  
To imitation be all hearts impelled;  
Engrave them in each youthful breast.

Pity a Nation's tears: be bounteous still;  
Bid other Washington's arise;  
Preserve Thy ADAMS to perform Thy will,  
And late enthrone him in the skies.

---

**Ordination of Rev. Daniel Fitz, as his Colleague. 1826.**

Thy ancient promise, Holy Lord,  
How faithful it abides;  
"I'll give them Pastors," was the word,  
Pastors Thy hand provides.

And hast Thou given to this Thy flock,  
One whom Thy heart approves,—  
Perfect Thy work, O God our Rock,  
Bless him where'er he moves.

Still to his trembling soul reveal  
All that his Lord commands;  
And from Christ's fullness make him feel  
Strength to his heart and hands.

When love to Jesus shall have led  
To feed his dear bought sheep,  
O let not one ungained, unfed,  
Leave him to mourn and weep.

**On the Return of Rain**

After a distressing Drought. Sung at the South Church.

To Him who formed the rain,  
And drops of gentle dew,  
Let every hill and plain  
Their joyful praise renew.  
Let youth and age their notes combine,  
And every living creature join.

When God, by sin constrained,  
Burns up the fruitful ground,  
Who dares impeach His hand?  
Yet who can bear His frown!  
He stays the showers; all Nature mourns,—  
And man and beast,—till rain returns.

O why does man provoke  
The All-sustaining Power!  
And why beneath the stroke,  
His soul relent no more!  
While lowing herd, and every field,  
Cry in his ears,—Repent and yield!

But see where Mercy comes  
In clouds of generous rain!  
Earth feels its genial powers,  
The hills are green again.  
O shout His praise through earth abroad,—  
What shall we render to our God?

Be every heart reclaimed  
And yield to His control;  
While heavenly love imbibed  
Flows out from soul to soul.  
Thus we its praises best proclaim,  
And bless the Father's gracious Name.

---

**Woes and Deliverance.**

Issued in a religious paper.

Lord, what a train of direful woes,  
Has visited our land,  
So favored once with calm repose,  
And Thy protecting hand!

Sure there's a cause ; for ne'er didst Thou  
 In grieving take delight ;  
 Our sins have pulled our judgments down,—  
 Thy judgments, Lord, are right.

Yet never have our sufferings reached  
 The measure of our crimes ;  
 And now deliverance strangely comes  
 To cheer the darkest times.

Shall we again thy laws contemn,  
 And with the heathen join ?  
 Will not Thy wrath to fiercest flame,  
 Our guilty land consign ?

Wake us, O God, to sober thought ;  
 Bid hearts of stone relent ;  
 And Piety and Virtue joined,  
 Fulfil Thy great intent.

**Epitaphs, written by request :** •

In memory of

The Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, who was  
 more than 47 years a faithful and beloved  
 Pastor of the first Church & congregation in  
 this place : Colleague the first 18 years with  
 his venerable Father, the Rev. John Rogers of  
 precious memory, whose dust lies near : Alone  
 in office after, until death translated him to  
 the high reward of his labours. He slept in  
 Jesus, May 10, A. D. 1775, Æt. 74.

A mind profoundly great, a heart that felt  
 The ties of nature, friendship and humanity ;  
 Distinguished wisdom, dignity of manners,  
 Those marked the man ; but with superior grace  
 The Christian shone in faith and heavenly zeal,  
 Sweet peace, true greatness, and prevailing prayer.

Dear man of God ! with what strong agonies  
 He wrestled for his flock and for the world,  
 And like Apollos, mighty in the Scriptures,  
 Opened the mysteries of love divine,  
 And the great name of Jesus.  
 Warm from his lips the heavenly doctrine fell,



And numbers rescued from the jaws of hell,  
 Shall hail him blest in realms of light unknown,  
 And add immortal lustre to his crown.

For the tombstone of Mrs. Lucy [Rogers] Farley, who was daughter of the Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, and died soon after her babe, in 1789,—he wrote :

As vernal storms both tree and fruit destroy,  
 So death, thee Lucy and thy budding joy.  
 Farewell! for thee each feeling heart shall mourn,  
 And oft to mind thy friendly soul return.

Mrs. Mary Dana, his wife, died April 13, 1803; and his words, upon the headstone at her grave,—

By Jesus and his friends beloved,  
 And in afflictions furnace proved,  
 Her soul went forth to meet her Lord;  
 The flesh at rest waits His reviving word.  
 Blest is that heart of love, that virtue pure;  
 And long their precious memory will endure.

Mrs. Elisabeth, wife of Ephraim Brown, died, 1824 :

Lamented friend! the bursting tear  
 Still speaks thy worth, proclaims thee dear  
 In active life, in death still more;  
 O to mourn rightly and adore.

Mary Souther, 1824, whose early and happy departure was long, long referred to :

Happy the heart by grace inclined  
 Early to leave the world behind,  
 And follow wisdom; now she knows  
 The heaven that from religion flows.

---

### Marriage Hymn.

Sung at an Ipswich wedding.

To Him who formed the Mind  
 Attuned to social love,  
 And bade the first made pair,  
 The joy of union prove,  
 Let praise, by man and woman given,  
 Harmonious rise, and reach high heaven.

Blest be that pitying eye  
Which looked on lonely man;  
And gave a bosom friend  
To share his joy and pain.  
Down through all time the gift extends,  
Till Heaven to man a helpmeet sends.

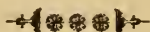
O send a virtuous love  
Which crowns the nuptial state;  
That sentiment inspire  
Which forms a bliss complete.  
Grant every grace, and gift beside,  
To bless the bridegroom and the bride.

Give her in man to find  
A rest from tender fears,\*  
While she, discreet and kind,  
Shall soften all his cares.  
Thus hand in hand, blessing and blest,  
O let them walk to heavenly rest.

Thus let the ties of love,  
To virtue sacred be,  
And double strength afford,  
To speak and act for Thee.  
See, gracious Heaven, the compact sealed,  
Nor let Thy mercy be withheld.

And Thou, whom Cana's shore  
Once saw a marriage guest,  
And where creating power  
With wine enriched the feast,—  
O come! and more than wine impart,  
Come shed pure joy in every heart.

\*Ruth 1: 8, 9. And Naomi said unto her two daughters — The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband; then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice and wept.



## Textual Hymns.

Composed by Dr. Dana during the latest years of his valued life;  
and copied and treasured by his daughter Anna Dana.  
(See Introduction.)

---

### The Lord's Prayer.

Father, who dwell'st in Heaven above,  
There filling every heart with love,  
With reverence be Thy name adored,—  
Advance Thy kingdom, Holy Lord.

And as in Heaven all bosoms spring  
To meet the pleasure of their King,  
So here on earth may all unite  
To do Thy will with pure delight.

In love our daily wants relieve;  
And our unnumbered faults forgive.  
As we show mercy, may we find  
Thee ever gracious, ever kind.

Think of the snares on every side  
Spread for our souls, and be our Guide,—  
Our sure defence; we've none but Thee  
From evil to preserve us free.

The kingdom and the power are Thine;  
Thine is the glory, and shall shine  
Through wide creations utmost bound,—  
*Amen*, let all the earth resound.

---

### Let Him Minister.

Matt. xx, 25-28.

Come see His heart who came to save,  
The genius of His kingdom see  
Here in the sketch which once he gave  
Of what His followers all must be:—

Ye know in what oppressive state  
The gentile princes all are seen;

And they who rank among the great,  
What proud dominion they maintain ;

But no such thoughts shall ye admit,  
Nor be your brethren so depressed ;  
He who among you would be great,  
Must minister to all the rest.

Let him who would be chief in place,  
A willing servant be to all ;  
For this with pleasure set his face ;  
This his chief honor let him call.

Even as your Saviour left the skies,  
Not to be honored but to serve,  
And for the *lowest* stoops and *dies*,  
Their lives to ransom and preserve !

Lord, how this world would be reformed,  
Were all content to learn of Thee ;  
And all Thy servants duly warmed  
With excellence beyond degree.

Then shame our self-exalting airs ;  
All heathen stateliness remove ;  
Give us the lowly mind like theirs  
Who the Redeemer know and love.

---

### The New Commandment.

John xiii, 34.

Thy new commandment, gracious Lord,  
Is new indeed ; even in the Word  
Of Revelation nowhere found,  
Till to the men who Thee had known,  
Thy holy pleasure now was shone  
Thenceforth throughout the earth to sound.

This standard, Lord, of mutual love,  
How it ascends all rules above  
Which men had known or prophets taught !  
Till Thy own love to men appeared,  
Never on earth was seen or heard  
Such love, or met a human thought.

But now 'tis known how strong its claim  
To be a pattern ; all must aim

That Christ's example be obeyed ;  
No common kindness must be thought  
Enough for those who have the lot  
To see their Saviour's heart displayed.

Then let me view His wondrous love,  
All lengths, and breadths, and heights above,  
Behold and feel its matchless worth.  
It seeks the lost where not a thought  
Toward Him had moved, and where was naught  
But wretchedness to call it forth.

For enemies His life He gave,  
From guilt, depravity to save,  
And bring them to a better mind ;  
Content to see His mercy spurned,  
And not a spark of love returned,  
Till struck by love immensely kind.

But when beneath His forming hand,  
One virtuous sentiment is gained,  
With what complacence 'tis beheld ;  
His heart receives, communes, exalts,  
Forgives a thousand, thousand faults,—  
Eternal friendship now impelled.

His love, how patiently it bears  
Their many failures ; how it spares  
Lest at full sight their heart should faint ;  
Yet faithful to reprove and cure  
Their faults, till by his conduct sure,  
Each shall in Heaven appear a saint.

Lord, what are we to think of love  
Akin to Thine, yet sure to move  
In sweet accord when Thine is felt ;  
Help us to keep it well in sight,  
Viewed with new wonder and delight,  
Till we into its likeness melt.

Help us to seek the lost ; nor count  
Even life too dear in the amount,  
Their souls to rescue and reclaim ;

Or bring an enemy to know  
 Sweet peace with heavenly love below,  
 And life eternal through Thy Name!

O for complacency like Thine,  
 At once to meet each lovely sign  
 Of virtue, though in feeble form;  
 The bruised reed let me not break,  
 Nor ever let my love forsake  
 Thy dear disciples,—cold or warm.

---

### Love Fulfilling the Law.

Romans xiii, 10.

And is it LOVE fulfills the Law?  
 Love which to God the heart can draw,  
 And then to man, as Christ commands?  
 Love, acting out each friendly part  
 By Love required, with friendly heart,  
 With ready feet and willing hands.

Then never let my spirit rest  
 In outward forms, which at the best  
 No sentiment of Love convey;  
 Be it my care true Love to know;  
 From Heaven, O Lord, Thy grace bestow,  
 Then I'll substantially obey.

Then, all obedience to the Word,  
 Will give true honor to my Lord,  
 In pure affection all discharged;  
 How pleasant, too, in every part,  
 E'en to the unworthy, when the heart  
 With Love sincere is so enlarged.

Come that blest day when Love shall reign,  
 Twixt man and man, from hill to plain,  
 For Jesus' sake, and like to His;  
 When every social act shall be  
 An act of Love, unfeigned and free;—  
 Shall earth behold a day like this?

It shall! and blessed be the Word  
 That so proclaims it from the Lord;  
 Be every thoughtful bosom fired;

Awake, my heart, and long and pray  
That virtue may have fullest sway—  
Virtue by purest Love inspired.

---

### **The Far Different Law.**

Matt. v, 43.

To love her friends and hate her foes,  
Is just the virtue nature knows;  
But man's great Teacher, Christ from Heaven,  
A law far different has given.

Love your worst enemies, he cries,—  
And if they curse you, lift your eyes  
That blessings may on them descend;  
Or, if they hate you, them befriend.

Thus shall ye be, and thus appear,  
Children of Him whom angels fear;  
What kindness He on all bestows,—  
See in what liberal streams it flows.

A love to favorites confined,  
Betrays a too contracted mind;  
And who hereafter will reward  
Such kindness? Surely not the Lord.

Keep then your Father's love in view,  
And let your own like His extend.  
Lord Jesus, all our hearts renew,  
And stamp this law till time shall end.

---

### **The Young Ruler's Question.**

Matt. xix, 16. Luke xviii, 18.

See the young Ruler deep in thought,  
Modest, respectful; how he sought  
Instruction from the Lord.  
Tell me, good Master, what good thing  
Me to eternal life will bring;  
I'll do it at Thy word.

Jesus, to prove him, thus replies:  
The precepts are before thy eyes,  
Do these not show the way?

If all, in piety sincere,  
Have been fulfilled, then persevere,  
And Heaven will thee repay.

All these I've kept from early youth,  
The Ruler said, perhaps with truth  
If outward acts were all;  
But, had that love the law enjoined  
Reigned in his bosom, filled his mind?  
Let him his life recall.

One thing thou lackest, Jesus said,  
Canst thou, by pure obedience led,  
Give up thy earthly all?  
And for the hope of Heaven to come  
Now follow me while earth's my home,  
And count all suffering small?

The youth was grieved; 'twas hard to think  
Of losing Heaven, and yet to drink  
Of such a cup as this  
Required a love to him unknown;  
Required a heart to earth less prone,  
Less flattered with its bliss.

Ye modest, amiable young,  
Unblamed in act, correct in tongue,  
Still search your inmost mind;  
If earthly good be there supreme,  
Christ and His Cross are not your theme,  
Salvation's left behind,

---

### Forgiveness, the Gospel's Praise.

Matt. vi, 14

Forgive, the blessed Saviour said,  
And see what stress he lays  
On this command, in various forms,—  
This is the Gospel's praise.

If ye forgive not how shall ye  
To God for pardon look;  
Your numerous sins will still remain  
Unblotted from His book.



While those who practice this command,  
In spirit and in deed,  
With humble confidence will stand  
From heavenly censure freed.

So Jesus taught, and with His word  
Did all His deeds agree ;  
What meekness through His life was seen,  
And on that mournful Tree.

Father, forgive them ! thus He plead,  
For those who nailed Him there ;  
And soon, when risen from the dead,  
His murderers were His care. (Luke xxiv, 47.)

Well might disciples in the view  
Of this great precept say :  
Increase our Faith, for how shall we  
Without that help obey.

But what can strengthen every heart  
All injuries to forgive,  
Like faith in Jesus, pleading there  
That His worst foes might live !

---

### To Whom shall we Go ?

John vi, 66-69.

While crowds draw back who once were seen  
Flocking to hear My word,  
I turn to you, distinguished men,  
Will ye forsake the Lord ?

O no ! Where can the Words of Life  
Be found, except with Thee ?  
Eternal Life,—'tis Thine to teach,  
And Thine to give most free.

Away from Thee we seek in vain  
Salvation to our souls ;  
No word of man that balm can bring  
Which our disease controls.

Yes, we believe and we are sure,  
By what our eyes behold,

Thou art the Son of God most dear,—  
The Christ so long foretold.

To such a Saviour, such a Friend,  
May we forever cleave ;  
And while our hopes on Thee depend,  
Cease not our lives to give. [1826.]

---

### Peter on the Day of Pentecost.

He spake and soon with dark distress,  
Their conscious hearts were filled :  
What shall we do? our wicked hands  
The Prince of Life have killed !

For crimes like this, what can remain  
But sorrow and despair?  
Hide us ye rocks! Ye mountains screen  
From wrath which none can bear !

But how the blood, so vilely spilt,  
Speaks better things, and pleads  
For wretches stained with crimson guilt,—  
Pardon for all their deeds :—

Only repentance be your care,  
Repent,—and own your Lord ;  
Ye, too, the heavenly gift shall share ;  
Hear thou the Saviour's word !

They heard, and with astonished minds,  
Three thousand souls obeyed ;  
And every one in Jesus finds,  
A Saviour's heart displayed.

In blest communion from that hour,  
In breaking bread and prayers,  
In firm adherence to their Lord,  
They passed their months and years.

And can such blessings come to me,  
Thou oft rejected Lord ?  
Then pierce my heart that I may be  
To best effect restored. [1824.]

**Avenge Not.**

Romans xii, 19, 20, 21.

Beloved in our common Lord,  
Would you obey His heavenly Word,  
Never your own avenger be ;  
Whatever wrongs your hearts oppress,  
Even though on earth there's no redress,  
Let not the sun your vengeance see.

Rather from angry men retire,  
If, haply, that may cool their ire,  
Nor dare assume the sovereign place ;  
Think who of old was heard to say,—  
Vengeance is Mine, I will repay ;  
Hear it and meekly veil thy face.

The man in fury now arrayed,  
May come to want thy friendly aid,—  
And be it cheerfully bestowed.  
Feed him and cheer his fainting heart,  
Freely to all his wants impart,  
As though he'd done thee naught but good.

Kindness unfeigned and kindly shed,  
Shall be like fire upon his head,  
And bring him, too, a better mind.  
Revenge like this, let christians take,  
In pure compassion, for His sake  
Who His worst foes could so befriend.

Be not by evil made unkind,  
But with a firm, unshaken mind  
O'ercome it by repaying good ;  
In each contention persevere ;  
'Tis like your Saviour,—hold Him dear,  
Nor shall your love be all withstood.

---

**How to Give.**

Matt. vi, 1-5.

Take heed, the heavenly Teacher said,  
Do not your alms for men to see ;

Nor ever let your prayer be made,  
That fervent you may seem to be.

Can such ambitions, Lord, prevail,  
And mingle with the prayer we do?  
Will they, still reigning, surely fail  
Of heaven, and leave us far below?

Then wake our minds to sober thoughts,  
And bid our inmost hearts declare—  
In all the good which we have wrought,—  
What was our first and chiefest care.

Was it to do what God approves,  
Or to obtain the praise of men?  
And what are now our highest aims,—  
Do they declare us born again?

Grant, Lord, that singleness of heart,  
Which love of duty can create;  
Unhallowed views will then depart,  
Good hope increase, and fears abate.

---

### How to Give. II.

Rom. xii, 8. Counterpart of the preceding.

How oft the Gospel recommends  
Giving to him that needs;  
And here the Lord instruction sends,  
How to perform such deeds:

Give in simplicity of thought,  
And let the single aim  
Of doing good as Chrst has taught,  
Thy whole attention claim.

Let no unhallowed views of thine,  
Deprave a work so good;  
If deeds of mercy be required,  
In mercy be they showed.

In pure compassion let the heart  
Melt while the hands relieve,  
And come most cheerful to the part  
Of soothing them that grieve.

Such kindness is by God approved ;  
It comforts those that mourn ;  
It blesses, and it shall receive  
A blessing in return.

How wide from this that charity,  
Which to itself still cleaves ;  
Bestows, but not with pitying eye,  
And wounds while it relieves.

---

### The Holy Life.

Romans xii, 1, 2, 3.

The Holy Life ! what less can we  
Render for grace so rich and free,  
Thus speaks the impressive Word.  
And holy living will require  
Body and soul with pure desire  
Presented to the Lord.

Let not the world to you give law,  
Your rules from higher sources draw,  
And be your minds renewed ;  
So shall you soon with wonder prove  
That perfect law of heavenly love,  
How holy, just and good.

Still keep your hearts with watchful eye ;  
That none exalt themselves too high  
Pray for a humble mind ;  
'Tis pride that makes obedience hard,—  
By pride the best we do is marr'd,  
And no reward can find.

From pride comes Envy with her train  
Of passions which, where'er they reign,  
Leave but a form of love ;  
Yet what a law of kind regard  
To every creature is declared,—  
Help us, thou Heavenly Dove.

Grant us a meek and lowly mind  
To all obedience well inclined,  
To all submission free ;

Then shall we prove that perfect rule,  
Taught in the precious Saviour's school,  
Then shall we honor Thee.

---

### Kindness to good people.

Rom. xii, 13.

Impart to all,—but with the saints  
Hold a communion in their wants;  
And in your comforts let them share  
As one with you, most loved and dear.

Receive them, too, while ye have homes,  
And in your hospitable domes,  
Whether of cedar or of clay,  
Drive, as you can, their wants away.

Receive all saints as they have need,  
And ye can give them friendly aid;  
Yea, seek them; win their hearts to cheer,  
And hold their conversation dear.

Be steady in your mutual love;  
Let no aspiring thoughts remove  
Your hearts from men of lowly state,  
To court the friendship of the great.

---

### The Centurian.

Luke vii, Matt. xiii.

Come see a faith which Christ approves;  
See how a Roman Captain moves,  
When faith is planted in his breast,  
And Christ the Lord in truth confessed.

To Jesus he would fain apply,—  
But what was *he* to come so nigh  
And make petition! Would the Lord  
At his request such help afford?

If holy men would be content  
His earnest wishes to present,

Who knows but favor might be found?  
They go, and with success are crowned.

I'll come and heal, the Saviour said,—  
O precious word! life from the dead.  
But see again the humble man,  
To Jesus now he thus began:

Lord, I'm not worthy Thou shouldst come  
Beneath my roof or near my home;  
Speak only and without delay  
Diseases shall the Lord obey.

Here was great faith, the Saviour said,—  
Grant me, my Lord, a faith as great,  
The more we see Thy power displayed,  
The more be humbled at Thy feet.

---

### Hope.

† John iii, 3.

Hope springs eternal in the breast,  
And hopes to be forever blest;  
No waters quench, no floods can drown,—  
But where's the Hope which Heaven will crown?

A common hope too often brings  
Neglect of duty, and the things  
Which fit men for a heavenly state,—  
Often it makes them more unmeet.

There is a hope which mends the heart,  
And thus will to the life impart  
A Christ-like purity, and still  
Wake new obedience to His will.

From living faith it springs and grows,—  
True faith in Him whom now the eye  
Views in His glory; views and knows  
What Heaven it must be to enjoy.

To Him the soul at once goes forth,  
Living for Him is now its scope,  
To bear His likeness and behold  
God as He is—its dearest hope.

Hope founded on the word of grace,  
Its promise will at once embrace  
The heaven it offers and the road  
Of holiness, which leads to God.

That heavenly road is now pursued ;  
All other paths with trembling viewed ;  
The holy heaven, kept in full light,  
Attempts all things to his sight.

Lord, for this hope so marked, so sprung,  
No more be my salvation hung  
On what before the tempest flies ;  
Grant me the Hope which purifies.

---

### The Golden Rule.

Matt. vii, 12.

Do ye to others what ye would  
That men should do to you :—  
So spake the Saviour, and to Him  
Full confidence is due.

Lord, what a Golden Rule is this,  
So just and yet so kind,  
Comprising all we owe to men,  
And leaving naught behind.

Yet simple for our own desires  
May show us what to do ;  
Knowing what we ourselves would choose,  
We need no farther go.

What blessings men to men would prove  
Were this great rule obeyed,  
And how transformed will earth appear,  
When all by this are swayed.

O write upon my tablet, Lord,  
This constant Rule for me,  
Nor let a law so pure, so plain,  
Ever perverted be.

Grant me a reasonable mind,  
Suppress all selfish aims ;



Nor let my heart refuse to give  
What for itself it claims.

---

### Doing Heartily.

Col. iii, 28. Compare 1 Peter ii, 18.

Would we a precious secret learn,  
How to attend to each concern  
Of common life, and through the whole  
Profit, not harm, the immortal soul?

Do all for Christ, thy rightful Lord,  
In pure obedience to His word,  
In pure subservience to His ends,—  
This the true Oracle commends.

Do it most cheerfully for Him;  
All must who bear Him due esteem,  
Or feel what He in love has done,  
That we might stand before the throne.

The humblest labors thus will rise  
To holy offerings, in the eyes  
Of God approved, virtue still reigns  
And growing purity attains.

The hardest labors thus will prove  
Labors of gratitude and love,  
All sweet and pleasant,—more and more  
With Him in view whom saints adore.

Servants to men, here comfort find  
When earthly masters are unkind;  
Do all in love to Christ your Lord,—  
He will be pleased, and He reward.

---

### Seek First the Kingdom.

Matt. vi, 33.

Begone that care of earthly things,  
That sets them in the highest place;  
And turns immortal minds away  
From seeking Heaven and saving grace.

The heathen thus were filled with care ;  
Thus they neglect and wrong their souls ;  
But let me from my Saviour hear  
Counsel which all excess controls.

Seek first the Kingdom of your God,  
Where grace and truth from heaven are brought,  
That righteousness His word proclaims,  
Passing all virtue men have taught.

Then will your heavenly Father give  
That good by which your souls shall live,  
And will, besides, most surely grant  
Whate'er He sees his children want.

Lord, drive our restless cares away,  
By that blest care Thy Word enjoins ;  
Remove the cause by which we stray ;  
To heavenly things attract our minds.

So, called this glorious thing to seek,  
No more be my first cares bestowed  
On outward wants, or aught beside  
Which cannot bring my soul to God.

---

### Two Masters.

Matt. vi, 24.

Oh, if the Living God were known,  
How would the world confess  
Their whole hearts due to Him alone,  
Nor think of offering less.

But, ah ! how oft does man consent  
His homage to divide  
'Twixt God and idols, and still hope  
Heaven will not be denied.

Deceived soul, thy rightful Lord  
Tells thee thy hope is vain ;  
Service to Him must be entire,  
Or no acceptance gain.

Nor canst thou while another lord  
Within thy heart bears sway,

To God substantial service give,  
Or faithfully obey.

But as where love of God prevails,  
Idols can ne'er be prized,  
So by one lust the Lord supreme,  
Will come to be despised.

Convince me, Lord, and let me not  
The foolish thought conceive,  
That I can serve my God, and still  
To earth and idols cleave.

---

### What shall it Profit ?

Matt. xvi, 26.

What if in wealth a man should rise,  
To all that's seen below the skies,  
And yet his soul meantime be lost,—  
Wherewith shall he that loss retrieve?  
What has he in exchange to give,  
Or, of redemption, pay the cost?

Lord Jesus, with persuasive power,  
Bring home this word each day and hour,  
To wake my heart and make me wise;  
Am I still hazarding my soul  
By spurning a Divine control,  
Or slighting the immortal prize!

Think of the numbers now ensnared,  
Clinging to earth with chief regard,  
The great Salvation put away;  
Plunging in death bright gems to find,  
And holy living all behind,  
Repentance left to future day.

Can Thy compassion stretch its hand,  
To save the men who thus withstand  
Thy counsel and Thy boundless grace?  
O come and open every eye  
To see what's wisdom, lest we die,  
And for Redemption find no place.

**Confessing Christ.**

Matt. x, 32.

What condescension is it, Lord,  
Thus to requite our owning Thee  
Whom angels bless with sweet accord,  
And without ceasing bend the knee.

Sure all who truly Thee confess,  
Know 'tis their glory Thine to express;  
And feel how wretched they would be  
Without an interest in Thee.

Yet Thy compassion will regard  
All suffering and speeches hard,  
Which for Thy sake have been endured,  
And here against them has insured.

All loss by these Thou wilt repair,  
And well Thy word calms every fear;  
To be in Heaven thus owned by Thee,  
Infinite recompense will be.

May I, my Lord, confess Thy name,  
Not in base word, but word and deed;  
For O, if both speak not the same,  
What promises have I to plead!

But when such worthiness demands  
My lips, my life, my heart, my hands,  
And when such joys are set in view,  
May I be ever firm and true.

---

**The Earnest of the Heavenly Inheritance.**

Eph. i, 14.

How condescending is the Lord,  
To have a promise in His Word  
Of *Heaven*, to all who fear His name,  
Yet more than promise shows their claim.

They have an earnest of that Heaven,  
In the good Spirit God has given;  
Sure pledge, sweet foretaste of that bliss,—  
That life which follows after this.

They need no voice from Heaven to tell  
That they with Christ shall surely dwell;  
Even now their souls to Him ascend,  
In love and union ne'er to end.

Even now the joy their spirits feel,  
In living to their Saviour's will,  
In drawing near with humble love,  
Show what they'll meet in realms above.

Though all's imperfect here below,  
'Tis of the kind pure spirits know;  
And surely shall perfected be  
When from the ties of earth they're free.

But, ah! how vain is every hope,  
Even though it seems from Heaven to drop,  
If no such earnest yet attend,—  
No such good Spirit yet descend!

---

### Offending in One Point.

James ii, 10.

Faithful obedience and sincere,  
Though at the best imperfect here,  
Yet aims in all things to fulfil,  
Without reserve, the Master's will.

No part of duty, clearly known,  
Will be allowedly undone;  
Nor covered vice, nor darling sin,  
Be wilfully persisted in.

It must be so where holy love  
Hath been implanted from above;  
If but one darling sin is spared,  
There is no love, no pure regard.

There's none in all the observance paid  
In other points, no laws obeyed  
With true affection, while to one  
Wilful dishonor still is done.

“Guilty of all,” then, they must stand,  
Who will reject their Lord's command

In one point,—for in none beside  
Have they substantially complied.

Rouse me, O Lord, let my desire  
To keep Thy precepts be entire ;  
Lest the same character should fall  
On me at last,—“ Guilty of all !”

---

### Importunity.

Luke xi, 8.

A bare permission, Lord, to seek  
Thy Holy Spirit, would bespeak  
Grace wonderfully kind ;  
But greater wonders yet appear,  
Strong importunity of prayer  
Permitted and enjoined.

Yet when such blessings may be sought,  
So rich, so vast, so dearly bought,  
And so extreme our need,  
Nature itself would now require  
Strong and importunate desire,  
Which cannot cease to plead.

Cold prayers for heaven and heavenly grace,  
How they diminish and debase  
Blessings of boundless worth ;  
Can these find answers from above,  
And duty thank the God of Love,  
Or set his His glory forth ?

How natural, then, is such a test,  
Whether the blessing which we request  
Be duly prized and dear ;  
And if at times even friends must wait,  
Till they more fervently entreat,  
Let this not seem severe.

No, rather let them meekly say,  
Have not our spirits grieved away  
The Spirit of Thy grace

By too much love to earthly things,  
From whence a coldness surely springs,  
To what is first in place.

Thus to be roused and in their prayer,  
May all those thousands have a share,  
Who, rolling in their blood,  
Yet do not ask for saving grace,—  
Yea, are content to let it pass,  
And leave them far from God.





### Sung at Dr. Dana's Funeral.

The following Hymn is included in the "Order of Exercises at the Funeral of the Rev. Joseph Dana, D. D., Senior Pastor of the South Church and Society, in Ipswich, Nov. 19, 1827. \* \* Written by Dr. Dana for Washington Memorial, 1800, and adapted to this occasion." [See page 15.]

Thou HOPE of Israel ! Source of every joy !  
 Resource when every joy is fled !  
 Behold thy people lift a mourning eye,  
 Their FATHER, FRIEND, and PASTOR dead.

Thou knowest how dear this man of God we held,  
 What blessings through his hands were given ;  
 O soothe our hearts with deepest sorrow filled,  
 And teach us to submit to Heaven.

Repress each rebel sigh that dares repine  
 Or charge Thy spotless hand with wrong,  
 Nor let us thankless to Thy call resign  
 The precious blessing lent so long.

In grateful memory be his virtues held,  
 And to Thy praise be long expressed ;  
 To imitation be all hearts impelled ;  
 Engrave them in each youthful breast.

Pity the people's tears ; be bounteous still ;  
 Bid other faithful men arise.  
 Help Thy young servant to perform Thy will,  
 And late enthrone him in the skies.




## Order of Exercises

At the Funeral of the Rev. Joseph Dana, D. D., Senior  
Pastor of the South Church and Society, Ipswich,  
November 19, 1827.

- I. Music. The Dying Christian.
  - II. Prayer.
  - III. Hymn. Written by Dr. Dana, for Washington Memorial, 1800, and adapted to this occasion :  
[see page 42.]
  - IV. Sermon.
  - V. Prayer.
  - VI. Dirge.
  - VII. Benediction.
- 

### Order of Procession :

- I. Male children and youths of the Town,
- II. CORPSE.
- III. Relations. Ministers of the Gospel.  
Strangers of Distinction.
- IV. Members of the Church.
- V. Choir of Singers.
- VI. Members of the Society.
- VII. Members of the First Church and Society ;  
and people of other places.

 It is requested that the whole procession may be formed in couples, male and female, as far as may be convenient.



The First Meeting-house of the South Parish, Ipswich.

1747-1837.

The Sabbath-home of Dr. Dana, 1765-1827.



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